

# The New Adventure of *Wally Wallingford*

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WRITTEN BY  
**George Randolph Chester**  
Author of "Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford"

DRAMATIZED BY  
**Charles W. Goddard**  
Presented in Collaboration With The  
**Famous Pathe Players**

INTRODUCING  
**BURR MCINTOSH**.....J. Rufus Wallingford  
**MAX FIGMAN**.....Blackie Daw  
**LOLITA ROBERTSON**.....Violet  
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## The Lilac Splash

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"WHEN you put on this crushed egg-plant display, you make Gladys there look like Orphan Magpie out in the cold," declared Blackie Daw admiringly, as the plump blonde model swished haughtily past blue-eyed Violet Warden. "Gladie, bring it back."

Violet flushed prettily at the frank compliment, then she giggled, and the plump blonde model swished back across the floor of the pink and gray salon with the cold-baked expression of a perfect idiot. Violet, admiring the imported lavender creation, suddenly swooped and picked up the hem critically.

"It looks as if it might have been worn," she suggested, and, at that moment Monsieur Perigord danced into the room with his perpetual air of having almost remembered something urgent. Only the briefest flashing glance between Blackie and Violet, this was the man whose door was the scene of the French model's last, and Violet's, sister."

"No, monsieur," replied the girl in a rich East-end accent, and she cast one corner of her eye on Monsieur Perigord who was hurrying toward them.

Monsieur Perigord, a dark little man with black freckles and a kinky beard, was showing to Violet a new creation, a dress of a very peculiar cut, both hands aloft. "The house of Monseigneur does not permit it," he exclaimed, with Mademoiselle's exquisite color effect is magnificent."

"The color, however, is a cinch," agreed Blackie, smiling to Violet. "But it looks to me as if this gown had passed an oceanic voyage or so."

The dress of Monsieur Perigord was painful to observe. "Ah, Monsieur," he piteously implored, "you do not know the latest fashions. The Americans always think first of clever little tricks."

"There's no money in clever little tricks. Grafting is a sport, not a business," Perigord smiled wisely.

"One year in New York and I have several thousand dollars on the side," for Andre Perigord was a man of means.

Another quick glance between Blackie Daw and his pretty companion. They knew where Perigord had secured forty thousand of his "on the side" money. His name was fifth on the list of that clique, headed by J. Rufus Wallingford, who had cleared five million dollars from their five million dollar fortune, on the Blackie Daw and his partner, Violet Warden. Wallingford had sworn to secure from the members of the clique, for the beautiful originality of his schemes were already crossed off that list.

"Somebody'll catch you without your license number, Andre," warned Blackie. "How about the license number, Violet? Do you like it two hundred and seventy-five?"

"It's pretty," hesitated Violet.

"Send it up," ordered Blackie lightly. "You can charge it to the expense fund."

Before the "lilac splash" came home, Violet and Fannie Warden were called away from the town by the illness of their Aunt Pat. They were gone five weeks. On their return the girls made a bee-line for the shopping district, and Monsieur Perigord, who had been already crossed off that list, stepped out of the new electric, which had been made possible by the half million or more already recovered, and came up the avenue in a lavender walking costume which was an exact duplicate of the one which had been worn by all the girls approaching the big dry goods store, they stopped, stunned in front of the show window. There, on a lovely wavy, was the same exquisite lavender walking suit, panels, buttons, and all, made of the same material. Broadway shop at noon they saw a throng of stenographers admiring the central display of the big store, a lavender walking suit with the familiar panels and buttons. They started back upon the street in a hurry, and as they crossed Fifty-third street, saw a large, flabby, colored woman and a highly polished white woman pass each other with glances of hatred. They both wore cheap taffeta lavender walking costumes, with the exclusive Monseigneur panels and buttons. In a show window on Fifth street was a lavender dress—same panels and buttons! It was made of gingham, and the price was \$1.98.

When Horace G. Daw and J. Rufus Wallingford called at the Warden home that evening, they found a lavender headache, and the demure Fannie sympathetically suppressing the twinkles of amusement in her brown eyes.

"If you make fun of my pour beans in your axaphone," warned Violet, as she handed Blackie a large, flat, blackboard, "I shall have a lavender splash!" and with bubbling indignation she told them all about it.

"Harmonized on the lavender lemon," grinned Blackie, as he looked at the girl. "However, it happened, though, I'll take this box down in the morning, and I'll bring you back your two hundred and seventy-five or old Perigord's whippers."

Wallingford had chuckled at first, but now he was thoughtful. "It is too much," he shrieked.

"This may give us the lead we want," he speculated.

Moonlight flooded the Wallingford and Daw bungalow, and bore down the avenue where J. Rufus lay peacefully sleeping. A long, lean hand reached into the patch of moonlight, and the finger tickled Wallingford's ear. The big sleeper turned over. Another tickle. A gurgling grunt and a flop. Wallingford, slowly awakening, became aware that some one was whispering in his ear.

"Jim! Snore, you fool snore!" Jim Snore! Rusty! I tell you, snoring, I tell you, Jim! There's a burbling in the library. Snore! That's right, now listen! And Blackie, like a tall, lean, gaunt ghost in his pajamas, carefully detailed his last work.

Shorty Tucker, working industriously at the safe in the library, which had been used as a safe for the direction of sound, covered the three gentlemen who had been in the library door.

"Holler and I'll bore you," hissed Shorty Tucker, pointing his revolver straight into Wallingford's scared eye. "Holler!"

"All right," agreed Wallingford hastily, "I haven't a holler in me."

"Would better not," warned Shorty. "This trigger—huh!"

That "huh" was jerked out of Shorty Tucker as a long, lean arm shot out



## BLACKIE HAD FOUR ACES

his watch. "I'm afraid I can't wait until you settle with Mr. Perigord," he stated.

"What's your hurry, Jim?" protested Blackie. "It won't take long now. When people pass money they part."

"I have to keep my eye on a certain rapid investment," said Wallingford. "I'll see you tomorrow, at the office, and settle with you for the next pool. By the way, here's your thousand dollars."

"Oh, give it to a peewee," laughed Blackie, with a nonchalant wave of the hand.

"I don't care what you do with it," responded Wallingford gravely, producing a big red pocketbook. "My business is to pay you this thousand dollars in return for the hundred and fifty you invested with me yesterday, and into the hands of the astonished Blackie he counted a five-hundred-dollar bill and five one-hundred-dollar bills.

"How much will you invest tomorrow morning?" Blackie answered promptly, and started to hand back the money. "You know better than that," Wallingford reproachfully reminded him. "You can only have a hundred today, and I have often told you."

"Can't you let me go in for two hundred?" asked Blackie. "I don't like to play for a silver ball like this."

"Then stay out," retorted Wallingford. "I offered to let you in on a fifty-thousand-dollar pool, and you refused. Now you want to go in for a hundred today, and I have often told you."

"All right," agreed Blackie, and he handed it over to Wallingford, taking the money.

Monsieur Perigord looked after him in stunned perplexity. "Impossible!" he commented. "He invested a hundred and fifty dollars for you yesterday, and today he gives you back a thousand."

Yes, confound him, grumbled Blackie. "He's sure at me and won't let me in on his big game."

"Big?" repeated Perigord in astonishment, looking greedily at the money in Blackie's hand. "Do you call this small?"

"It's a tin-horn proposition," scorned Blackie.

"But how does he make it?" "Wallingford won't tell," Blackie half-wisely confided. "He is one of our most clever Americans. Nobody knows how much money he is worth. Nobody knows how much I am worth. I don't know myself."

"And did Mr. Wallingford make you all your money?"

"Every last million dollars," asserted Blackie.

"Ah!" breathed Monsieur Perigord in worship. "I, also, would become rich—quick, so rich that I also could say of a thousand dollars, 'Give the tin horn to the newsboy.' Monsieur Daw, would you truly give that much money to a newsboy or was it what clever Americans call a joke?"

Blackie's eyes widened in astonishment that such a question should be asked. "I'd give it to anybody," he stated, with a flash of inspiration. "Would you like to have it?"

"Nine hundred dollars," gasped Monsieur Perigord in terror.

"Is it nine hundred? Why, so it is," counted Blackie negligently. "Here, Perigord, take it and buy yourself a dinner, and throwing the bills into the hands of the dumfounded Perigord, he stalked out of the place.

"Good day," said Wallingford, taking the money.

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## MONEY CAME BY THE BAGFUL

stated the importer, greeting Blackie with the enthusiasm of an old friend. He clasped his hands and bowed profoundly. He delivered the check with a flourish. "It gives me great pleasure to make myself again honorable with Mademoiselle."

"She'll appreciate it," grinned Blackie. "Thanks, Perigord. Good day," and he started for the door.

"Perigord, monsieur, one little moment," began Perigord, that call, turned with slow reluctance. He looked at his watch.

"Your friend, Monsieur Wallingford," intimated Perigord, "am consumed with curiosity to know how must he have given you your hundred dollars of yesterday."

"Oh," returned Blackie, with a bored expression. "I don't know yet. As a matter of fact, I hadn't thought of inquiring about it. He probably has only six or eight hundred dollars for me. I'll just let it go."

"Even if it is only a little money like that, to you who are so rich it should be taken. Perhaps Monsieur would like to give it to a peewee."

"Very well," agreed Blackie, yawning. "Wallingford's office hours are from three to four. Would you like to go over with me to ask him?"

"I shall be transported!" exclaimed Monsieur Perigord, in a flutter of delight, this being the boon for which he had been eager to ask.

He ran. He brought his hat back. He brought his gray gloves. He brought his little cane. He brushed his kinky beard down the stairs, the stairs two steps ahead of Blackie Daw. Only when they reached the office did he hang back.

"That was a brand-new office, in a brand-new skyscraper, and on the door was the legend: 'J. Rufus Wallingford, Importer.' Monsieur Perigord did not notice that the paint was still fresh, for Wallingford himself had carefully brushed it down the stairs two steps ahead of Blackie Daw. Only when they reached the office did he hang back.

"Inside was a small ante room, in which there sat waiting a totally bald-headed man, and a man with a bushy beard, and a large, red-necked man with a mustache, one of which had been chewed to a tassel. A spider-legged boy, guarding the entrance to the door of the private office, greeted Blackie with a nod, and turned an unfriendly stare on Monsieur Perigord. Beyond the glass partition could be heard the loud and angry voice of the peerless investor, J. Rufus Wallingford.

"No, Mr. Pollet, you can't get on the preferred list," shouted the voice. "You have the call of a burglar. I let you have a twenty-five-dollar-a-day corner in this little pool practically out of my own investment, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Mr. Pollet. "The lowest you ever made me out of my twenty-five dollars was a hundred. But I want to go on your largest list. I want to invest from a hundred to a hundred and fifty dollars a day and they make me from four to six times as much as I do."

"That settles it!" roared Wallingford, at the limit of his patience. "You get out. Your place on the list is vacant!"

The door opened suddenly, and out shot a chunky young man who wore thick spectacles. Monsieur Perigord pointed that he had money in both hands. He turned in the middle of the ante room.

"Go on out, you!" ordered the spider-legged boy, as J. Rufus Wallingford himself slammed the door of the private office.

Mr. Pollet walked slowly out of the room. The waiting investors looked nervous and apprehensive. A little bell rang sharply. The spider-legged boy darted into Wallingford's room. He bounced out again in a minute.

"W. O. Jones," he announced.

"The totally bald-headed man shuffled in, casting a jealous look at Monsieur Perigord.

"Hello, Union Jones," greeted Wallingford, smiling. "Eleven hundred dollars for you. That leaves you a thousand clear profit. Pretty good, eh?"

Perigord's eyes glistened.

"Not the best day we've had, but I'm satisfied," laughed Jones. "I hear Monsieur Perigord is starting a new pool, Mr. Wallingford."

"Next week," returned J. Rufus. "Any chance of my getting a share in it?"

"I think not, Jones," advised Wallingford. "I won't split that pool into shares. I plan to take in just one big investor."

"All right," agreed Jones. "I'm tickled with anything you do. How much would you like to put in?"

"One hundred," stated Wallingford. "Just above that hundred-dollar bill."

"There you are," returned Mr. Jones contentedly. "Good-day, Mr. Wallingford."

The bell rang. The spider-legged boy darted in. Mr. Jones shuffled out, with his hand full of money.

Andre Perigord's breath came quickly. "W. W. Williams," said the boy.

"The tall, blond man went in."

"Good afternoon," greeted Wallingford, cheerily. "You got in for a hundred and fifty, didn't you? Well, Monsieur Perigord, here are fifty dollars. I'll have to cut you down to a hundred today."

"Sorry, sir," said Williams. "By the way, Mr. Pollet dropped from the pool?"

"Yes," snapped Wallingford. "I'd like to take up his share."

"Just as you say," heartily responded Chin-chilla Williams. "Lord, I don't want you to get me at me, too."

"I guess you're a little greedy," confessed Wallingford. "But every time I turn around somebody wants to hand me money. I'm tired of it. Well, Monsieur Perigord, here are fifty dollars. You have too much capital now. I guess if you dropped about half of it, you'd be able to make more money."

"If I dropped you all, could make the entire profit for myself," Wallingford reminded him. "That's what I'm going to do on this next pool—take just

one live partner with a hundred thousand dollars and split the profits. I'll dig you up hundred thousand dollars in a minute," quickly offered Williams.

"Nothing doing, Chin-chilla," bluntly refused Wallingford. "I have to have a partner I like. He must be generous, trustful, and agreeable, and you won't do. Good day, Williams."

"Good day, sir," returned Williams sadly.

The bell rang as he came out with money in his hands.

"Mr. Meazen," announced the spider-legged boy.

The red-necked man with the chewed mustache lumbered in. He spoke a few husky words. Wallingford did not talk at all. Big Tim came out with his hands full of money.

Perigord was dreaming vast dreams. "Mr. Daw," announced the boy.

The automatic Mr. Wallingford frowned when he saw the stranger with thick-limbed Blackie Daw. Monsieur Perigord did not see the frown. His astonished eyes were glued on the novel decorations of Wallingford's desk. These decorations consisted entirely of money stacks of five-dollar bills, tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds, five hundreds, and thousands. There were packages of money still unopened, and from a slightly projecting drawer peeped other money.

"Anybody else out there, Jesse James?" called Wallingford.

"No, sir," replied the boy.

"Then lock the door," ordered Wallingford. "Mr. Daw, here's your \$1,000. And he nonchalantly selected the money from the assortment on the desk. "You may get in for a hundred tomorrow."

"All right," assented Blackie carelessly, and he held the money loosely in his hand. Passing Wallingford a hundred, he stuffed the rest in his vest-pocket with his thumb. Your money's pool all made up, Mr. Wallingford."

"All but a \$25 share," answered the clever investor. "I was going to let old man Jones take that, but he didn't show up. Moreover, I heard Jones can't keep his mouth shut. Monsieur Perigord had been trying to speak, but he had been so excited."

"If it will be any favor to Monsieur, I will take it," he offered. "Mr. Andre Perigord."

"I don't like to let strangers in," hesitated Wallingford, with a frown. "But I think I shall let Mr. Perigord in on this pool. That is, until it closes next week."

"I am all gratitude," fervently exclaimed Blackie, and he plunked down his \$25 in a hurry. Let Wallingford change his mind.

"You're on," said Wallingford, tossing the money carelessly onto the desk with the other greenbacks.

Monsieur Perigord smiled and smiled. "How much shall I receive for my \$25?" he wanted to know.

"I'll never let nothing," returned Wallingford, casting on him a cold look. "I may not make you over a hundred dollars. I may even lose your money."

Both Blackie and Monsieur Perigord laughed at that absurd supposition.

Again Monsieur Perigord ventured a question. "Monsieur Wallingford, how does he make such enormous profits?"

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